

# "MOTHERS' FRIEND"

Is a scientifically prepared liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens labor, lessens pain, diminishes danger to life of Mother and Child. "TO MOTHERS" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Send by Express or mail, on receipt of price. 50c per bottle. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## NOT ON THE BILLS.

He Lost His Job, but Made Sure of His Girl.

An actress who has toured in England told me a tale that I thought interesting. She said:

"In a play produced in the provinces there is a scene in which the hero strikes the villain, who slinks away without seeking to defend himself."

"One night in a large manufacturing town the young fellow who played the deep dyed scoundrel remarked to the leading man before the curtain rose:

"I am, old chap, I've got my fancies out in front tonight with father and mother. Now, of course they don't know anything about our business, and I'm afraid it would rather hurt me with them if I received a blow and got away in the usual cowardly fashion. So, dear old chap, can't you omit the blow tonight?"

"But, my boy, the management will fine me 3 shillings."

"Well, I'll pay the fine."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well for you. But what do I get out of it? Nothing but a bad name with the powers that be."

"Oh, well, I'll give you 3 shillings extra, or, better yet, you hit me as usual, and I'll hit back! They'll fine me, not you, and I'll give you the 3 shillings besides. You see how I'm situated."

"I shouldn't like the girl to mix me up with the character I play. Outsiders are so funny that way."

"So the compact was made, and that night when the hero cried, 'Sir Daniel Deepwater—or something of that sort—base offspring of a noble race, take that!' Sir Daniel not only 'took that,' but gave it back with such force that 'the pit rose at him,' including his relatives to be married, and he walked off the stage in triumph."

"I am sorry to add he lost his situation, but he gained his point."—New York Recorder.

## FORMATION OF SILVER MINES.

How Nature Accumulates the Great Stores of Valuable Ore.

The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metal, which they find here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation.

Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a million hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Mounting Photographs.

The satisfactory mounting of photographs is a troublesome operation, and the following suggestion from a contributor to The Outlook may be of assistance to amateurs: "I have found a method by which a photograph or engraving can be mounted on the thinnest paper without curling or wrinkling. If the picture is a photograph, it should be ironed out smooth with a hot iron and then trimmed. Mix a live gum arabic in hot water and use it as a rather thick mucilage. Place the picture on the page in position and mark just inside the corners. Remove the picture and take some of the mucilage on a ruling pen and draw a heavy line of mucilage from one point to another, so as to make a line of mucilage all around the place where the picture is to be. As soon as the mucilage is sticky put the picture in place and a book over it to keep it flat. When dry, you will have a smooth mount that will not curl."

## An Effective Warning.

The train was just ready to start for Boston when a detective from Superintendent Byrne's office got on one of the smoking cars and said, "Be careful, gentlemen; I believe there are a couple of sharpshooters inside."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a very stylish looking gentleman, preparing to get out. "I'd no idea there were such people here. I'm sure I shall get out."

Another, who was sitting in a seat opposite, exclaimed:

"I have a large sum of money with me, and I have no wish to lose it," whereupon he, too, got out.

"All right, gentlemen," the officer calmly remarked; "they are both gone now."—Millard J. Bloomer in Harlem Life.

## New Electric Road.

ELYRIA, O., Nov. 16.—A company has been formed to build an electric road between here and Oberlin, with a capital stock of \$100,000. The road is to be built in the spring.

The "great bell" at Moscow weighs 443,732 pounds, is 12 feet and 3 inches high and measures 60 feet 9 inches around the lower rim. The bell metal in it is worth \$300,000.

Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria.

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN IT COMES AND WHAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

Scientists and Other Investigators Differ in Their Views Upon the Subject—How the Season Was Given Its Name—Is the Haze Caused by Smoke?

There is a great difference of opinion among those who are wise in weather lore as to the exact time when Indian summer makes its appearance, some weather prophets declaring that it includes every warm day between Michaelmas day, the 29th of September, and Christmas, while others locate it in the month of October. Indeed, the opinions of scientists do not agree any better than those of ordinary individuals, but seem to be as hazy as the season itself.

After looking up much scientific data on the subject, and making a consensus of popular opinion, the fact seems established that this phenomenon of seasons really belongs to the month of November, although the signal service notes say that if Indian summer does not come in October or November it will come in winter, as if it were a sort of movable season. Neither do scientists agree as to the cause of that hazy atmosphere which accompanies the season, a condition peculiar to North America. It was attributed by early settlers in this country to the smoke from prairie fires kindled by the Indians—hence the name, "Indian summer." But it is now said by scientific investigators that the appearance of smoke is an optical illusion produced by a peculiar condition of the air, which might be compared to a dry fog. Sentimentalists declare that it is this dreamy haze which gives its great charm to this short, delightful season, when the whole world of nature appears like a beautiful dream. It is the fifth season, the mellow ripeness of autumn, when creation stands still in a lazy, languorous mood, and the picture is vanishing and indistinct like one of Corot's landscapes. It is the golden sunset of the year, brief and evanescent.

Like a mirage, the Indian summer does not wait to be investigated. It is here—it is gone—before the would-be investigator was aware of its presence. It is such a restful, happy period that people are content to enjoy it without asking questions, yet there is much in its phenomena that is worth the most careful scientific investigation. It has been suggested that the dreamy haze which accompanies the season is composed of animal life of such a minute form as to be incapable of microscopic examination, but of such innumerable quantities that they obscure the atmosphere and redden the sun. It is also charged to vegetable matter, but these are mere theories which have not yet been proved.

Another token by which this genial Indian summer makes itself known is the absolute silence of nature herself, as if she were taking a vacation from winds that blow and clouds that shade. There is such a stillness in the air from sunrise to sunset that sound itself seems to have gone asleep. But there is no loneliness in the silence. It is only as if everything were resting, bathed in the happy sunshine. The flowers are gone; the singing birds have flown to their southern climes; the leaves have dropped from the trees when the Indian summer comes trailing her white veil to cover the desolation and filling all hearts with the tranquillity of her gracious presence. There is a tonic in the air she brings which chemists cannot bottle nor charge commercial rates for—whiffs of summers that have been contracted into a few days and gone before we can analyze them to say, "This is balsam, or that is balm." It is a draft for the gods.

The subject of Indian summer was investigated as long ago as 1835, when Dr. Lyman Foote of the United States army in his report says that the Indians gave the season its name by calling it their "fall summer," which occurred in November. The doctor was stationed at Fort Winnebago, Missouri territory, at the time and wrote from observation. He says:

"We arrived at this post the 3d day of last November. We had three weeks of Indian summer, with all the peculiar redness of the sky in great perfection." He adds that he had long observed the season with curious attention and calls for an expression of opinion on the subject from other observers.

Professor Willet advanced the theory in a report made to the government in 1867 that the dry fog is real smoke, not produced by prairie fires, but the product of chimneys. The late Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution reported that a portion of the haze, filtered, was found to contain the lava of volcanoes and fragments of burned vegetables. Neither of these distinguished scientists added anything to the literature of our Indian summer, so when doctors disagree it is not expected that ordinary observers will be able to formulate any tenable theory of its cause. The next best thing is to enjoy its opportunities, leaving its origin to the unknown source whence it is derived.

New England is especially favored by this after summer guest. In that land of rocks and rills the stillness of the occasion is more delicious, the haze more poetic and the winds more languorous in their passive acquiescence in this meditative mood of nature. Emerson must have written of this period:

"Twas one of the charmed days  
When the genius of God doth flow.  
A wind may not blow,  
A tempest cannot blow.  
It may blow north, it may blow south,  
Or south, it may blow clear,  
Or east, it may blow like a clover farm,  
Or west, no thunder fear."

The caprice of the season is to wait until winter is almost upon us, then to drop unexpectedly like a benediction with sunshine and warmth and a restfulness that soothes and comforts her fractious children and whispers to them sweet promises of heavenly death.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Compliment.

Two old schoolfellows met 15 years after their graduation and fell, figuratively, upon each other's necks.

"Well, well, dear old Smith!" said Green. "How glad I am to see you! What days those were! Ha, ha, Smith, you were the stupidest fellow in the class!"

"Yes, I suppose I was."

"And here you are now! Why, looking him over, you haven't changed a particle!"—Youth's Companion.

## Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

# ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

## THE BETTER WAY.

Shall we fold the tiny garments  
That our darling used to wear,  
Lay aside the little worn dresses,  
Put them all away with care?

Brooding o'er them long and often,  
Bringing back our grief and pain,  
Holding to our hearts our sorrow,  
Living o'er our loss again?

Shall we do this while about us  
By the hundreds everywhere,  
Suffering for the help withheld,  
There are children sweet and fair?

Children needing just the garments,  
Dresses, shirts and little shoes—  
Garments that our grief has hoarded,  
Garments our hearts dread to lose!

Give them what our child once needed,  
But no longer needs, we know.  
Shirts and dresses lovely garments,  
White and pure as drifted snow.

Helping lighten others' burdens,  
We of use are to the race,  
And we seem to see a glad smile  
On our darling's happy face.

—Exchange.

## STORIES OF DR. HOLMES.

A Young Woman Who Didn't Like His Literary Taste.

The story is recalled of a young Virginia country girl dining in Boston some years ago, in the days when Dr. Holmes went to dinner. Seated next to her was a homely, little old gentleman whose name she did not catch. He began to talk with her and asked her how she passed her time in the country.

"Oh, we read, my father and I," she said.

"And what do you read?" asked the little man.

"Well, the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' for one thing," she answered.

"I should think you would not care to read that more than once," remarked the little old man with a sign of disappointment in his tones.

"My father and I may not be judges of literature," said Miss Virginia airily and with a faint accent of scorn.

"But when I get to the end of the 'Autocrat' we generally turn back to the beginning and read it over again."

The little old man smiled at this and was disposed to be friendly, but Miss Virginia was so displeased with his tone concerning the "Autocrat" that she met him with chilly indifference.

As soon as the guests went into the drawing room her hostess whispered reproachfully to her:

"You didn't seem to find Dr. Holmes as interesting as I hoped."

"Dr. Holmes!" shrieked Miss Virginia. There were a table and an explanation.

Another story of Holmes' wit is told. One day old Dr. Peabody was to meet him at a certain place. The venerable professor rode in a carriage. When he got there, he was met by Holmes, who had come by stage. Holmes was a statue of Eurycleia.

"Ah, you ride, I see!"

"Capital, capital!" cried Peabody.

That night he went back home and said to his wife:

"Holmes got off a good joke today. His wife asked him what it was."

"Why, I was to meet him today at the statue of Eurycleia, and when I arrived, he said quite happily, 'Oh, you came in a carriage!'"

"And then the genial professor wondered why his wife didn't laugh."

## She Didn't Guess.

Like many other things, an alarm clock is a good thing when confined to its own sphere. But a young man who lives in Texas had an experience with one the other day which, to say the least, was embarrassing. Being a heavy sleeper, it was not uncommon for him to miss his train to the city in the morning, so he resolved to invest in an alarm clock. One experience with it was enough, and that occurred while he was taking his purchase home. Walking through the train, he chanced to see a certain young lady sitting in a seat, the other half of which was unoccupied. The young man knew the young lady—in fact, he is said to have had entertained serious hopes before the alarm of his little wife. He sat down beside her, with his package in his lap, and smiled his sweetest. She asked him what he was taking home, and he playfully hid her guess. "Candy? Cigars? Neckties?" No, it was none of these. Just as she was about to venture a fourth guess there was a muffled sound from the interior of the package and then a loud clang that resounded weirdly through the car. The young man blushed, the young lady giggled, and the passengers roared. It seemed as though the thing would never stop, and it didn't until the disgusted youth hurried to the other end of the car.—Philadelphia Record.

## Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used effectively for epigrams and squibs. Thus a critic once wrote:

"I'd like to praise your poem—but, tell me, how is it?"

"When I cry out 'exquisite,' echo cries, 'Quiz it!'"

"And when, in 1831, Paganini was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices, The Sunday Times printed the following lines:

What are they who pay three guineas  
To hear a tune of Paganini's?  
Echo—"Pack o' ninny!"

—All the Year Round.

## No Difference.

Mrs. Seconded—You are so unlike my first husband.

Mr. S.—I hope the difference is in my favor, my dear.

Mrs. S.—Oh, it is, very much.

Mr. S.—Thanks. What is it?

Mrs. S.—You're alive.—Newport Mercury.

The Alentian islands were so called from the river Alentia, in Kamchatka. The people living at the mouth of this stream were called Alentians, and a modification of the name was given to the islands.

The Indian name of the Schuylkill river was Mayunk; hence the name of a Pennsylvania town.

In the mountains of Sweden, Norway and Lapland all vegetation would be utterly destroyed by the Norway rats were it not for the white foxes that make special game of the rodents.

## OUT OF THE FLAMES.

A DEPARTMENT CAPTAIN TALKS ABOUT FIRE ESCAPES.

Some Sensible Advice to Women—What to Do When Caught in a Burning Building—It Is Well to Know How to Take Care of Yourself at Such a Time.

"Wrap the rope around the body, always put one hand below and one hand above on the rope, then slide," was the advice of Captain McAdam in reply to my query of how to get out of a burning building.

The question was provoked by seeing a number of blue coated firemen go speeding down a rope suspended from the sixth story of a building. They were testing fire escapes, and their ease and confidence made me wonder why some of this level headedness couldn't be imparted to women—or men either, for that matter—in cases of emergency.

So I went inside the great, admirably kept drilling rooms and interviewed the captain.

"Well," he added, "you can preach to women about the way to use ropes and fire escapes, but when a person is scared out of her senses you can't expect her to do calmly what she would trundle to do in time of safety."

"Why, I don't dare take a raw man and send him down from the sixth story by his trial. If I did, he would never appear again. I got him 'broke in' by commencing at the first, then increasing his slide, not reaching the seventh story for two weeks."

"Then you don't think it silly for people to forget all common sense in time of fire?" I asked.

"Never. One realizes more than I the horrible feeling of being caught in a trap. Fire seems to demoralize the bravest. Women are just as brave as men, for I have known a man to rush down stairs, leaving a wife and five children, when if all of Hagenbeck's animals were placed in a field and his child among them he would dash over the fence alone to his rescue."

"What's best to remember?"

"First, how to use the ropes that are placed in hotel rooms and should be in every private residence. They are attached firmly to a link in the window. Should the ropes be without appliances, simply drop it out of the window; then, sitting on the sill, place the rope around the body under the arms. Make no hop, only pass the long end of the rope over the other in front of the chest. As you lower yourself place the right hand firmly on the end of the rope, which reaches to the ground. This prevents the rope from slipping off the body. Throw the weight of the body on that hand and guide with the left, which is on the upper end of the rope. The friction of the ropes passing each other over the chest prevents a too rapid descent, and thus the hands are saved from severe blistering, for as soon as the rope cuts through the flesh man or woman will let go; the agony is too great. In descending keep the body near the wall and break the slide by scraping the feet along the wall."

"Suppose the fire broke out from a window below while the person is coming down—then what?"

"The only thing is to swing close to the wall until the heat is too intense, then give the body a herculean push outward by the feet from the wall. The momentum will send the body flying into space, clear of the flames; then slide just as fast as rope and gravitation will take you, even if the hands are cut. It is the only safe measure. There is no time to take any other precaution."

Captain McAdam, however, does not approve of the plain rope. Of course the iron fire escape is every fireman's preference, if it is free, but sometimes it supports a mob that is equally dangerous. Again, certain occupants are cut off from it by fire, so next to this comes a rope, attached to an iron pulley, which in turn is fastened to a hook in the window. One end of the rope is thrown to the ground; the other has a small loop which can be quickly pulled to fit the body. It is slipped under the arms and the body lowered. No holding on is necessary, for it is the primitive science of a bucket on a pulley line going down a well. The rope goes around several small wheels inside the pulley, which materially check the run of the rope, limiting it to ten feet in ten seconds. The noise can't slip off the body. The wheels must go around as long as the weight is there, and, to quote the captain, "Kick and holler as she will, she's bound to come down."

In case of being caught by the fire, captain, what is the best thing to do? Put a wet blanket around yourself and run through it?"

"Theoretically that is fine," he answered, "but remember that it takes buckets of water to soak a blanket, and if there is not a bath tub near to accomplish this no few pitchers are adequate. So next best is to wrap the head up in coat or anything woolen. This keeps out the fire and not the air from the lungs, and the greater danger comes from the former being inhaled."

"Should the smoke commence to fill the room and you want to crawl to your hands and knees and crawl as close to the floor as possible, for the smoke goes first to the top and to the floor last, so that much time is secured. If all escape seems out off, put on woolen clothes, hold a piece of flannel over the mouth and nose, stand at the most prominent window and call for help. A fireman will speedily come by ways you never thought of and deliver you."—H. Hallmark in Chicago Record.

## The Dear Child.

Clergyman (anxious to compliment the host of a Sunday school outing): Now, can any child tell me to what one person we are most indebted for the great crowd of happy and smiling faces that are gathered here today?

Dear Child—Adam.—London Tit-Bits.

Cape Canaveral, in Florida, was named by the Spaniards from the abundance of flowers in the vicinity. The name means "Land of the Rose Tree."

## An Impossible Task.

The man and his wife called on the architect, and the architect was glad to see them, for business was extremely dull.

"We want you to build a house for us," said the man by way of introduction.

"Thanks," bowed the architect. "I shall be only too glad to do so, and I am quite sure that I can give entire satisfaction."

"Well, you ought to," remarked the lady. "We don't want much."

"What kind of a house did you wish?" inquired the architect.

"We want a good, plain one of about eight rooms," explained the man, "and we will leave the design to you. All we expect is that when you have finished it it will suit my wife and myself. I mean on the inside. We are not so particular about the outside."

The architect heaved a deep sigh. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but you will have to go to some other architect. We can't design an impossible house in this office."—Detroit Free Press.

The whiskers of a cat are supposed by some naturalists to be provided with nerves down to the tips, while others believe that the base of the hair is better fitted out with nerves than most other parts of the skin.

## ITS WONDERFUL EFFICACY.

Newspapers Admit Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is all it is Claimed.

The intense interest taken in the almost miraculous cures made by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, at Albany, N. Y., and other places, resulted in the Albany, N. Y., Journal, sending a special representative to Athens to investigate the cures, and it was found that many of the cures made by this medicine were simply wonderful.

In the cases of Mr. Lewis Cline, who had chronic kidney disease, Mr. Casper Brooks suffering from female troubles and kidney disease, and Mrs. Wm. Tiffany who suffered from general prostration, all of these cases were abandoned by their attending physicians. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was then used by them and in every case an absolute cure was effected.

Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., writes: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life when I was a victim of 'Bright's disease.'"

"I had been troubled since 1869," writes S. N. Arnold, of Rochester, N. Y., "with gravel and catarrh of the bladder. Tried several doctors, but got no relief. Finally I used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result was marvelous; after using few bottles I was entirely cured."

## Friendship.

"The fundamental difference between men's friendships and women's," says a cynical man I know, "lies in just this: Two men are friends because they like the same things; two women are friends because they dislike the same people."—Washington Post.

## Some Foolish Mothers.

Let their babies cry with Colic, giving mother no rest night or day. How foolish, when Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief to baby. It removes wind from the stomach, quiets the nerves and gives restful sleep. Mother, send to-day to your store for a six bottle. Think of the weary hours it saves you. If baby's gums are sore, teething, use Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion, 25 cents. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

## Convinced.

"You aver," said the black browed bandit, "that you are the celebrated catnip, Mme. Squallina. Prove it, and you are free. Never shall it be said that a Cutaweezanda would offer indignity to an opera soprano. It is against all the tenets of the profession."

"How shall I prove my identity?" asked the captive.

"By singing, of course."

"What? Sing in this cave? No bouquets? No steam heat? And not a cent in the box office? Never!"

"Gentlemen," said the bandit, "it is evident that the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."—Indianapolis Journal.

Crop is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of crop is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to crop it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar, rough cough. Only one of each will be given. Cough remedy is given as soon as the child is hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

## FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver, the product of American mines, at the old ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold, is the only solution of and remedy for the disturbed and unsatisfactory condition of trade, manufacture and general business of the country. The surreptitious act of 1873, divorcing silver and gold in our monetary system, was a crime of untold magnitude. It was the rankest kind of class legislation in favor of the wealthy against the producers of wealth, and hostile to the prosperity of the United States. It was an act of treason because done at the instance of a European syndicate and for bribe money, "giving aid and comfort to our country's enemies." To shield the guilty parties, the well authenticated facts, often published, have been vigorously denied.

The Enquirer will continue to expose this unpardonable crime until right and justice are done the people by the full restoration of silver to its old companionship with gold. We need the assistance of the people in disseminating the truth, to which end we invite all in your selection of papers for the coming season to include the Enquirer, that costs only \$1.00 a year. (Issued twice a week.)

Liberal commissions and cash rewards given to club raisers. Sample copies free. ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

## A Disagreeable Test.

It has been asserted that when a railroad express train stops very suddenly the passengers suffer in the same degree as though they had fallen from a third story window. The Pittsburg Dispatch is authority for this statement. As the majority of persons who have fallen from third story windows have been killed, it is impossible to secure their testimony on the subject and quickly stopped train passengers refuse to make the test.—Exchange.

## Poetic License.

Mrs. Gore of Louisville was reading "The Ancient Mariner" to her husband, and had reached the line—  
"Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

Here the colonel interrupted her with the remark:

"What reckless poetic license! Why should they want to drink water?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.